CHARLES EDWARDS PAYS THE PENALTY OF HIS FIENDISH CRIME.

Met His Victim on the Highway and Sho Him Four Times-Then Dragged the Body Down a Hillside and Riddled it with Ballets - Jealousy the Cause of the Crime Which Led to the Scaffold.

INPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD. ALLANTA, Ga., Oct. 14.—Charles Edwards was hanged to-day in Clarksville, Ga. The crime for which he paid the penalty was at first shrouded in mystery, but subsequent developments brought out the whole story.

It was on the 29th of May last, at 9 o'clock at night, that William Echols, of Rabun Gap nction, Habersham County, Ga., was on his way home from Mt. Airy, when Charley Edwards, colored, met him, one mile below Mt, Airy, and with a 32-calibre Smith & Wesson pistol, shot Echols dead.

He was not satisfied with one shot, but repeated it four times. Edwards told one of he important witnesses that after he had shot his victim the first time Echols lifted his hands and exclaimed:

Oh, Charley, what have I done that you should treat me in this way?"

Edwards thought he heard some one com ing, so he dragged the dying man out of the ad and down the hill, and then riddled his body with bullets. Not satisfied with this, he took a club and beat the dead man's brains

Edwards was arrested immediately after the murder, and on circumstantial evidence, was placed in Habersham County Jail.

The circumstances were so strong that no one doubted his guilt. The fact that he had ede murderous threats and that he was missing at the time of the murder, and stronger still, that his shirt, trousers and hat stronger still, that his shirt, trousers and hat were spattered with blood, all told the story of the decd. But again, he told one of the prisoners who was in the same cell that the pistol with which he killed Echols was buried under his house, and on examination it was found where he had put it and showed traces of blood. This evidence was enough, but what was still stronger, Charley Edwards says that he himself committed the deed.

On Thursday morning, the 8th inst., the town of Clarksville was crowded to hear the trial. At 8.30 the Sheriff and deputy led the prisoner into the court-room. A great many

prisoner into the court-room. A great many alemmen had been subpœnsed, but before the regular twenty-four had been exhausted twelve nen were selected to seal his fate. As Edwards had no attorney the State appointed

Edwards had no attorney the State appointed one and the case was soon opened.

The evidence was so overwhelming that all the witnesses were not sworn. The attorneys did not argue the case, for to speak for or against was useless. Judge Welborn, in making his charge to the jury, said:

"If you find the defendant guilty, then write your verdict: We, the jury, find the defendant, Charley Edwards, guilty. But from the evidence you should desire to imprison him for life, write your verdict: We, the jury, find the defendant guilty with recommendation to mercy.

tion to mercy.

In a very short time the verdict was rendered with more emphasis than the Judge required: "We, the jury, find the defendant Charley Edwards, guilty of murder in the first degree."

of Lizzie Kimsey, but when he found Charley Edwards was visiting the same house he told his brother he would never go there again.

Mrs. Lizzie Kimsey is a citizen of Mt. Lizzie Kimsey is a citizen of Mt. Lizzie, and was indirectly the cause of the Echols murder, but was not tried in the Superior Court under charge of being an accessory to the crime, the evidence not being afficient to convict her.

THEY ALL HAD GOOD APPETITES.

iomo Able Competitive Yarns About Men Who Ate Big Meals.

[From the Providence Journal.]
The other afternoon three auctioneers happened o meet after their arduous duties for the day were over, and while regaling themselves with a lunch d to begin conversation about big eaters. With the instincts of business strong upon them, each tried to tell a story that would beat the rest, and they finally wound up with three stories that were good ones even for auctioneers to tell. The first began, "We were having a dance and turkey supper one night in — hail, and one table was just being cleared when in dropped a policeman, and as he walked past the table he picked up a scrap of turkey and ate it. I asked him to eat some supper and brought in a platter containing an eight-pound turkey, cut up, and added vegetables, gravy, bread, ple and coffee. The policeman started in, and actually, gentlemen, he ate every mouthful of that turkey, picked the bones, ate the wegetables, bread and ple and drank the coffee. How's that ?" supper one night in ---- hall, and one table was

"Fretty good eater," said No. 2, 'but you know Mr. —, now he is an eater. One night we had a supper and he ate more than any three of us. When we finished there was nearly a whole boller ham left, and while we sat smoking in the next room he surrounded that whole ham with bread and butter and drank about a quart of coffee. He was an eater."

sad butter and drank about a quart of conec. He was an eater."

"Yea, he was a good eater," remarked No. 3,
"but you should have seen an Indian that I knew eat. We were crossing the plains in '49 and had three Indians with us. One afternoon one of our mules died, and when we turned in we left those fire Indians dressing that mule and preparing to cook and eat him. In the morning there was nothing left but the bones and the hide of the mule, and actually, gentlemen, those three Indians had eaten the whole mule."

There was a profound silence, broken only by

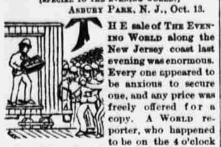
e whose mule."
There was a profound silence, broken only by
e kicking of the clam in the chowder, and then,
a rising vote, No. 3 was awarded the championip for professionals.

Sape Cod Women Picking Cranberries.

[Correspondence Chicago Tribune.] Bome of the pickers can pick two measures to e other's one. A smart housewife will leave her itehen and children to the care of the husband, d, while he minds the dinner-pot, does the ores and smokes his pipe, she will "go out pickin" and carn \$1.50—yes, \$2—a day. "It's chores and smokes his pipe, she will "go out a-pickin" and earn \$1.50—yes. \$2—a day. "It's real nice," said one to me the other evening, "to go a-pickin" and grow fat on it. I earnt has fall well on to \$40 a-pickin cranberries, while Bije, here, stayed at home and took care of things." Good for her! She is one of the thriftiest, best housekeepers I have met. Good bless these Cape Cod women, mothers and daughters. They fill their pince, and fill it well, among our solid, profishle, hopeful American population. A new ploker cannot earn easily more than 50 to 60 cents a day to start with, and after the first day's attompt, If he does not wake up the next morning sorer and suffer than any army soule after a day's campaign, why, then, he is smart and enduring—that's all. The whole work is dense on the hands and knees. The owners want all the pickers that can be had. The crop though hat so abundant as it some years, is fair, and prices are good; and the fruit is already in the New York market from some of these bogs about us.

"EVENING WORLDS" IN JERSEY.

iever Before Han a New Paper Created S Much Excitement-Premiums for Copies. [SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]



to be on the 4 o'clock train out from New York over the New York and Long Branch Railroad, on which were the Messrs. Dunn Bros., the New Jersey news agents, send out their papers, watched the distribution with much interest

The first station reached after leaving the line of the New Jersey Central Railroad was Perth Amboy. Here a large crowd of people soon surrounded the lone newsboy, who had a large supply of Evening Worlds with him. Before the train had left the station more than half his papers had been disposed of. At South Amboy about a hundred people were standing around the station. No sooner was the package of papers thrown off than they were picked up by the local agent and partly every partners was soon engaged in

nearly every person was soon engaged in reading the newspaper. At Matawan, the next station reached, a bewildering sight met the eye of the reporter. bewildering sight met the eye of the reporter. To insure a good supply of papers one of the local news agents had gone to New York for his supply. Ere the train had come to a full stop the enterprising newsman had leaped from the train and was soon hustling out his supply to the large crowd of people who had just come from Freehold, where the Monmouth County courts are being held. All other evening papers were, for the time being, entirely forgotten by the crowd, who scrambled hither and thither to secure an Evening World.

As the train pulled out from the station As the train pulled out from the station the newsboy again boarded the train, bound for Red Bank. "That beats anything I ever saw," said the perspiring news vender, as he mopped his brow and glanced at the few Wonlibs he yet had in his hand. "I never saw people so anxious to get a paper as they are to-night for an Eveniso World."

Red Bank was soon reached. Here several large bundles of the evening papers were thrown from the mail-car upon the platform. No one appeared to call for them or to be anxious to open the bundles.

But what was the excitement at the further end of the platform? One was not long to ascertain the cause. Several newsboys had got mixed up in the crowd that is always found at this pretty station, and were rapidly

got mixed up in the crowd that is always found at this pretty station, and were rapidly handing out Evening Worlds, for which they received five cents apiece. The train, which had stopped here for water, had not yet left the station when every Evening World designated for this place had been disposed of. The other packages that had been thrown from the mail car yet laid untouched.

In reply to the reporter's inquiry as to what they were, the baggage-master said they were the other New York evening papers, which the newsdealers had entirely neglected. Long Branch station was nearly deserted Those who were there were glad to secure a copy of The Evening World from the news

boy who slighted from the car and who hurriedly made his way to the village.

The next station was Asbury Park. Here a crowd of people were anxiously waiting to get a copy of The Evening Wolld. Not a copy of the much-sought-for paper could be had, although as high as 26 cents was offered for one.

cuired: "We, the jury, find the defendant, Charley Edwards, guilty of murder in the first degree."

This sealed the fate of the poor wretch, but to him it was no surprise, for he knew what his doom would be, and for months had prayed that God might forgive him. In fact, when the sentence of death was passed upon him on the following Saturday, he seemed to be better satisfied; and while in his cell, with a chain around his neck, the jailer says he seems more content than before the trial.

The doomed wretch requested the ordinary, W. D. Hill, to come to his cell and allow him to make his will. He gave one of his town lots at Mt. Airy to his adopted son, and the other, with his dwelling and personal property, to his wife and only child.

Charley Edwards, previous to the time that he commenced to visit Mrs. Lizzie Kimsey, was considered to be of very good character, being accused, one time, of stealing a pistol from J. W. House, while employed by the Northeastern Railroad. This pistol proved to be the one which shot William Echols, and born in Jackson county, Georgia.

William Echols was a man of very good character and of some property. He was born in this county and has never been looked on as a bad man. It is true he visited the house of Lizzie Kimsey, but when he found Charley Edwards was twenty-six years of age, and born in Jackson county, Georgia.

William Echols was a man of very good character and of some property. He was born in this county and has never been looked on as a bad man. It is true he visited the house of Lizzie Kimsey, but when he found Charley Edwards was visiting the same house he told his hrother he would never go there are a copy of The Evennow Wonld. North and the property of the much-sought-for paper count had, although as high as 26 cents was offered for one.

Truly no paper ever raised such a commotion in this vicinity as did The Evennow World.

You CAN ALWAYS TELL THEM.

Yes," said an old and experienced hotel clerk yesterday, "I can tell a bride and groom at a glance. For some reaso o'clock. Our luggage will arrive during the af-ternoon, but we will not arrive ourselves until after the therire. Then I watch and see them come in with a bundle of umbrellas and canes, a hat-box and a couple of valises, which I have no hesitancy, of course, in believing they took to the play with them. How do I tell a bride and groom? Well, there's something about the way they look at each other when they are together, and when the newly-married man is alone by himself I can tell by the manner in which he uses the two words 'my wife. He's not used to the combination and they sound unnatural to me as they do to himself."

The Pertinacity of Slang. [From the Chicago Mail.] A strong expression has long legs and gradually covers all the ground. Some of these expressions do not get beyond a certain boundary line, while others jump the fences and scatter in every direc-They finally grow upon people's tongues just as a wart grows upon a man's hand. The most universal of the day is that which takes the form of a query—" What's the matter with—," &c. It is safe to say that people use this without ever thinking that it is slang. A young lady is out with her escort. They are discussing where they will go. The young lady asks: "What's the matter with going to — theatre?" She doesn't think it is slang. A couple agreed to get married, and called on the Rev. Dr. Thomas to ask him where he would prefer to perform the ceremony. Dr. Thomas asks: "What's the matter with getting married here?" No one would ever accuse Dr. Thomas of using slang, but he did it when he used the expression just quoted. Two society ladies who live on Bellevue place were standing on the corner of Madison and State streets, and one of them said: "Well, what's the matter with going down to Marshall Field's?" They belong to the very top crust of society. It is everywhere. You can hear it in the street-cars, on the suburban trains, in the theatres between the acts, in the church pews. It is having a bigger run than "Let 'er go, Gallagher," had. It has grown up like the woolly-headed "nigger" in Mrs. Harriet Heecher Stow's novel. It has grown up like the woolly-headed "nigger" in Mrs. Harriet Heecher Stow's novel. It had no place of beginning and, from present appearances, has no well defined place for stopping. It is having a great run in Chicago. with her escort. They are discussing where they

A Costly Kiss.

[From the San Francisco Chronicle.] Henry Casey, the sixty-year-old deputy at the County Recorder's office, who has held his position for more than twenty years, was summarily discharged by Recorder Spotts yesterday and all be cause of his demonstrative gallantry towards a buxom young employee of the California Title and

buxom young employee of the California Titic and this taste he has gratified on his estate at Palo Alto itows:

Mr. Casey was at work in an upper gallery when the object of his aged affections happened to pass him on her way to consult certain records. The old geniteman, who has been for some years a widower, and whose grandchildren are nearly grown, threw a shy and affectionate glance at the young lady and jokingly said that he would kink her. The girl, knowing Mr. Casey quite well, gave him some answer which he seem the books and started toward her. The girl laughingly ran away, followed by her persistent admirer. The chase waxed warm, and, seeing that the gay Lotharlo would accomplish his object, the girl gave to still the said of the services of a skillful photographer named Muybridge, and he straked her ruby lips several times. As it was closing bour, the successful kisser left in be book and been attracted by the racket, kissed her ruby lips several times. As it was closing bour, the successful kisser left in be building. Mr. Chaey, however, caught the singhour, the successful kisser left in the air of a conquerer, much to the girl's relief, who is now being severed by here friends. The matter was reported to Mr. Spotta, and that is why Mr. Casey lost a very soft and probable situation.

Stanford's only passion is for fine horses, and this taste he has gratified on his estate at Palo Alto this taste he has gratified on his estate at Palo Alto this taste he has gratified on his estate at Palo Alto this taste he has gratified on his estate at Palo Alto this taste he has gratified on his estate at Palo Alto this taste he has gratified on his estate at Palo Alto the sail and the charroughber of the sain a large course of fine thorough gray and when he goes down to this country home tis in a large chair in the centre of a ring and see his favorite young flyers brought out for trial.

It was while watching one of these fast trotters—

It was while watching one of these fast trotters—

at he would kin the part o

MR. TOM CRUSE, OF MONTANA.

HIS WONDERFUL STRIKE IN THE GOLD MINES AND SUBSEQUENT VICISSITUDES.

He was Industrious, but for Twenty Years Always Seemed to be Out of Luck-Rich Friends Staked Him at the Right Moment and He was Soon Worth Millione

Way back in '69 or thereabouts, when the glitte of gold attracted to the hills of Montana a horde of prospectors, and resulted in the settlement of the town of Heiena, there came a hopeful young Irishman named Tom Cruse. His heart was as light as hts pockets and he became one in the mad hunt which sent many men to their graves, and made Tom Cruse, however, didn't do one thing or the other-that is, he didn't die, nor did he get rich just at that time. He was industrious enough but luck never seemed to attend him. Dig and delve he did day in and day out. month in and month out, but his pick turned up nothing but barren rock. Of that happy, sanguine temperament possessed by the majority of his countrymen, Tom tolled on, hoping tha each day would bring him the wealth he had been seeking so long, and for twenty years that hope never deserted him. He never knew where the next meal was coming from after he had finished breakfast, but he worked along, sometimes on his much vim as he had on the day he turned his first shovelful of earth. One day, in the summer snoveitul or earth. One day, in the summer of 1883, Tom was prospecting in a perfunctory sort of a way near Marysville, about twenty miles from Helena, when his practised eye detected on the ridge of a hill along which he was sauntering, the unmistakable evidences of gold. It was a veln running parallel with the ridge, and I took knew that it must extend down into the earth. Without telling any one of his discovery he staked off the claim and went through the necessary form to make himself secure. Then he called upon the wealthy banking firm of Hirshfield & Co. and told them what he had found, and that he believed he had at last struck gold. The bankers were slightly incredulous, but they agreed to give the prospector a "grub stake," so Tom set manfaily to work alone and anaded to dig out the wealth he felt sure was concealed in that hill. It was impossible to get at the gold from the top, and the only way to reach it was to tunnel. This was a tedious process for one man to undertake, but Tom was made of determined stuff and in he started. It was uncessary to remove the dirt from the tunnel by the barrow-load, and the further the prospector got in the slower became his progress. It took him just eighteen months to get into that hill far enough to strike the vein, but his faith and perseverance were rewarded when one morning his pick struck pay dirt.

Straightway he hied himself to the banks and told them of his luck. The next thing was to discompany to work the mine. The agent was given company to work the mine. The agent was given in the sum of the limber of the mine was the company to work the mine. The agent was given company to work the mine. The agent was given to be a company to work the mine. The agent was given to be a company to work the mine. The agent was given to be a company to work the mine. The agent was given to the most months in which to fulfill his mission. of 1888, Tom was prospecting in a perfunctory

pose of the mine. Tom despatched an agent to London with instructions to make a sale or form a company to work the mine. The agent was given is ix months in which to fulfill his mission. Meantime it began to be noised about Helena the rich find made by old Tom Cruse, who had named his mine the Drum Lummon, after his birth-place in Ireland. The Measrs. Hirshfield saw that an unusually rich vein had been struck, and they offered Tom haif a million dollars for his claim. The offer was refused, because, as Tom said, it would not be keeping faith with his agent. Five months classed, and nothing had been heard from London. Then the Hirshfields increased their bid to seven hundred and fifty thousand and then to a million dollars. Tommy refused again. He would wait, he said, until the six months were up and would then decide. A few days before the time had expired the long-expected message came. The agent in London had sold the mine for a million and a half. In a few weeks he arrived in Helena with a million dollars in cash and half a million in stock of the new mining company. Tommy took the million in money and deposited it with his friends, the Hirshfields, who had staked him when he needed money most. The stock he kept in his own possession. The deposit of a million dollars in a Helena bank, you must understand, is a more noteworthy transaction than a similar deposit here would be, because money in Helena brings, or did in '88, from is to 34 per cent. so it was a tidy return for the Hirshfield's confidence.

Wealth did not change Tommy Cruse's character one jot. He was just as kindly, just as honest, as

turn for the Hirshfield's confidence.

Wealth did not change Tommy Cruse's character one jot. He was just as kindly, just as honest, as ever. His personal appearance, however, became slightly altered. He purchased a magnificent broadcloth coat with smple skirt and a velvet vest. The vest was the pride of his heart, and everybody in Helena knew it. A pair of boots with very high heels were the additional extravagances, and, with his black Derby set jauntily on his head. Tommy was the pride of the guich. He is still there, and I hear is contemplating marriage. He is very correct in his deportment, as a rule, but occasionally fails back into his old improvident ways of early mining life and orders wine for everybody within sound of his voice.

and that a number of their neighbors were fullfledged witches, possessed of remarkable powers, even to the saddling and bridling a man and with sharp spurs ride him all night over the worst roads a distorted mind sould imagine. In the morning the poor man would be so tired and sore that he could hardly move. At other times the housewife would churn haif a day and would not get a particle of butter. The only remedy was to take an old horseshoe that had been worn on the left hind foot of a baldfaced horse and heat it hot and drop it into the churn, which was pretty certain to expel the terrible witch. One who tried the experiment said: "When I dropped the red-not shoe into the churn I heard something run off the roof of the house, and I smelt hair just as sure as you are are born, and in five minutes I had a churn nearly full of butter. The next day I saw the woman that I believed had bewitched the butter, and her hair was crisped on one side in the very shape of a horse-shoe. If the above remedy failed, the next thing to do was to draw a life-sized picture of the supposed witch and nail it upon a tree and then run a silver builet out of a silver dollar and shoot the image. This last was considered a complete cure. One of the ardent believers in witches, a man in the prime of life, possessed of fair sense in other matters, told in our bearing what a trying ordeal he had passed through a few evenings before. He had been to visit the sick, and was returning about 10 o'clock through the fields, often climbing high fences. Finally, as he got up on a high ten-raft fence, with one leg thrown over the top rail, he saw standing on the other side one who he knew to be a " witch." She said nothing, but put a spell on him that riveted him to the spot, and he said he was as speechless as was Lot's wife when she was turned into sait. When daylight came the witch vanished, and he got over the fence and went home. He says the top rail was a very sharp one, and he didn't get over the soreness for a month.

When the hens failed to hatch their eggs it was all laid on the witches. The witches always did their worst work on Friday. If the rail fences fell down when they were covered with siect and ice, the witches were blanned with it. If a calf got choked with apples or potatoes, the witches were responsible. It was a fact not to be wondered at that everyone of these be churn half a day and would not get a particle of butter. The only remedy was to take an old horseshoe

Senator Stanford's Passion for Horses.

Stanford's only passion is for fine horses, and this taste he has gratified on his estate at Palo Alto in the heart of the Santa Clara valley. There he has a large number of fine thoroughbred horses, and when he goes down to this country home it is his pleasure to sit in a large chair in the centre of a ring and see his favorite young fivers brought out for trial.

M'NISH AND THE DRUMMER.

He Sailed Into Him After the Drummer Had Floored Minstrel Slavin.

[From the Baltimore American.] A well-dressed man, apparently in the thirties, with dark hair and a thin face, walked into an establishment where leeches are raised and sold a few weeks ago and asked to have several put on his neck. He was accommodated. While scated in the chair, and while calculating on the chances of having any blood left in that part of his anatomy, a young man who has done many a lively turn at song-and-dance, walked in and engaged the proprietor's assistant in conversation. song-and-dance man took a survey of the features of the man who had first entered, and leaning over to the proprietor of the place, whispered in I'll be dogged if that don't look like Slavin,

The man who was furnishing up a grand ban-uet for four leeches overheard the whispered con-

The man who was furnishing up a grand banquet for four leeches overheard the whispered conversation, and said:

"I am Bob Slavin."

The song-and-dance man, the proprietor of the place and his assistant were great admirers of Bob Slavin, and were delighted to know that it was he, and that the prospects of a good long stay in the leech place were first-class.

Bob Slavin talked familiarly with every one in the place, although suffering some pain. He said that he had come to Baitimore last Wednesday, accompanied by his wife, to be treated for neuralgia. The best physicians in Chicago had been treating him, but he decided to return to his old home and put his case into the hands of Baitimore's most renowned physician. He had just paid the doctor a call and was told to have the leeches put on his neck. Slavin then grew restless, and asked the assistant to bring him six of the best clears he could get, and handed him \$5. Twenty-five-cent cigars were the best to be found in the neighborhood. Slavin i handed each of those present a cigar and lighted his own.

"How about that little difficulty between your contortionist, McNish, and a drummer, a short account of which was published in the Baltimore papers.

"Our troupe was stopping at a hotel in Chicago

contortionist, McNish, and a drummer, a short account of which was published in the Baltimore papers.

''Our troupe was stopping at a hotel in Chicago in which there were a number of drummers. Their table and ours were near each other. When the drummer came in and noticed us he said: 'There come those hungry actors; look out for them.' I replied that we were about as good as the drummer and paid the same rate at the office. I also offered to wager sloe that the drummer could not order a course dinner properly. The first thing I knew I lay up in a corner, with my senses pretty well gone. McNish, who is as active as a cat, walked all over that drummer's neck in about seven seconds. After he had pretty thoroughly performed a contortion act on the drummer's neck, he told him that if he did not feel satisfied he would come around the next afternoon and do a matince 'Silence and Fun' skit all over his shins. The drummer left the hotel when he heard that there were six others in the troupe yet to hear from, including the stout basso singer and the interlocutor."

Slavin was pale and his face showed the effects of his paint and the wore light pants of a broad checker-board plaid, flowered vest and dark coat. He will meet the other members of the mistrel organization in a few days in Pennsylvania.

· SOUTHERN PROVINCIALISMS.

Many of Them Are Good Old Angle-Saxon

E. V. Robinson, a Michigander, traveiling for the first time through the country districts of Tennessee and Kentucky, finds many things strange and peculiar. Accustomed to the provincialisms and neighborhood slang of his own sections of the country, he is greatly astonished at the dialectical peculiarities of the people among whom he has seen sojourning. Writing lately to the Dowagiac (Mich.) Times, he thus gives expression to his sur-

prise:

They say filly, for a young mare; gear, for harness; traces, for tugs; shafts, for thills; bucket, for pall; skillet, for spider; trick, for almost any nondescript apparatus; snack, for lunch; carry, for load or take; tote or pack, for carry; honey, for dear one; smack, for spank; howly, for how do you do; you all, for you in the plural; evening, for afternoon; night, for evening; sugar tree, for maple; pap, for father; mammle, for mother; scotch the wagon, for putting a block under the wheel. It is odd to hear them say carry your horse to water, and to my little son, carry your pappy to dinner. Country places have many queer names, as Flatfoot, Ringneck, Niggerhead, Pinchindly, Lickskillet, Possumirot, Silpup and Pinchindly, Lickskillet, Possumirot, Silpup and Pinchindly.

so far from being mere vulgarisms, are in many cases standard words of English parentage like the people who use them. "Filly," for instance, o there, and I hear is contemplating marriage. He is very correct in his deportment, as a rule, but occasionally falls back into his old improvident ways of early mining life and orders wine for everybody within sound of his voice.

BELIEF IN WITCHCRAFT,

BELIEF IN WITCHCRAFT,

It is Not So Long Since Superstition Had a Strong Hold in Southern Indiana.

[Prom the Vessy (Ind.) Reveille.]

About sixty years ago many of the people residing in the neighborhood of East Enterprise were possessed of a delusion that witches were a reality, and that a number of their neighbors were full-both good English words of ancient lineage. Danish origin, was used by Shakespeare and Addi to on any grounds. "Shaft" both good English words of to on any grounds. Shait and thill are both good English words of ancient lineage. "Snack" is originally Danish and means food snatched and eaten in a hurry. "Lunch" is of Weish origin and signified a chunk or lump of food swallowed with difficulty or choked down. Both are good words in any English usage. "Spank" is Anglo-Saxon, derived from span, the breadth of the hand, and is used for a blow with the open hand. "Snack" is also Anglo-Saxon, meaning to kiss with a loud noise. Smack refers rather to the noise than to the blow.

From these observations it appears that the English-descended population of the States preserves in the rural districts the older forms of the language in considerable purity. In cities, or where there is a large influx of foreigners, there has been much injection of foreign siang into the vernacular. In Louisiana French thoms and provincialisms crop out everywhere among the English-speaking classes.

A Horrible Trade.

[Paris Despatch to London Telegraph.]
There has been of late a steady import of culs d jatte, or mendicants who have lost the use of their ower limbs, into France from Spain. Prefects of the South-Western Departments have accordingly been instructed to take efficient measures for the been instructed to take efficient measures for the prevention of this peculiar traffic, which has for a long time been carried on with impunity. The cus de jaite attract more attention from philanthropists and charitable people in Paria than the bilind, the paralytic, or the maimed. They drag themselves along in little cars, and some of them make as much as 10 francs a day by their energetic solicitations of the passers-by. There are even what are called 'abriques or manufactories of crippled mendicants, just as there are establishments for the training of acrobats and tight-rope dancers; and the miscreants who practice the calling of providing maimed beggars for the Paris market and making capital out of them are more numerous than would be supposed. These people pay 50 or 60 francs for an infirm child to its poor, avaricious or unfeeling parenta. They begin with it when it is about ten years old, and ite its legs underneath its body. The legs are then bandaged with leather thougs, which after awhile, and when there is not much danger of gangrone, are squeezed until the vitality of the nether limbs flows into the body, and the child is unable any longer to walk. When this consummation bas been arrived at the cut de jutte is ready for work in Paris or some other large city. What the unfortunate creature suffers at the hands of the inhuman monsiers who carry on this abominable traffe is worse than anything that could have befailen Smike or Oliver Twist in their darkest days. They are fed on weak soup, and are obliged to ply their trades in the depth of winter, being beaten by their hard masters if they fail to return home without the regulation amount of eleemosynary donations. M. Levaillant's circular to the Prefects has only come in time, and it is to be hoped that it will have the effect of stamping out the abominable trade altogether. prevention of this peculiar traffic, which has for

Revenged Ater Ten Years.

(From the Philadelphia Fines.)
William Weyneth, a twenty-six-year-old commission merchant, whose home is at 2907 East Norris street, posed as an avenger before Magistrate Ladner yesterday. When Weyneth was a boy he worked for Benjamin J. Weatherby, a far-mer at Pedricktown, N. J., and he says the hornymer at Pedricktown, N. J., and he says the horny-handed granger made his boyhood life miserable by his crueity.

Tuesday afternoon, after waiting ten years, Weyneth, who was not altogether a shining exsupple of temperance, met the farmer at Front and Callowhill streets and proceeded to wipe out old scores. He knocked Weatherby down, blackened his eyes and chewed off a portion of one of his ears. A seventh District policeman dragged the young man away from the tyrant of his childhood days and took him to the station-house. Yesterday Magistrate Ladner committed Weyneth to prison on a charge of mayhem.

GLOOM CHANGED TO JOY.

A Cheerful Boy Brightens Up a Grumpy Carload of People.

[From the Pilito News.] so of the People's Passenger Railway about 4.25 yesterday passed up Eighth street from Chestnut. The horses plodded along, heads down, legs shambling, looking about as miserable as horses can look after long service dragging street cars. The driver stood grumpily at his post, every little while flicking his beasts sullenly with the

Among the passengers a weazen-faced woman

of thirty-five scowled moodily at an earth-filled of thirty-five scowled moodily at an earth-filled flower-pot she held in her lap. Very probably she was thinking what a fool she had been not to throw the dirt out before entering the car, for she would occasionally pick out a lump, crush it in her fingers and scatter the dust over the floor.

Beside her was a pretty girl with a red hat and big gray eyes. She, too, was frowning. A mighty pretty frown it was, too, and became her. Her gray eyes were fastened on a letter, written in blue indellible pencil, and she read and re-read it-for it was short—till the frown grew deeper and her little mouth was all curied up in a pucker of scorn. Opposite was a stout old grantleman, who fldgeted his feet and looked gruinpy also, and muttered at intervals: "D—that corn."

The conductor stared angrily at the woman with muttered at intervals: 'D—that corn."

The conductor stared angrity at the woman with the flower pot and watched her filling his car floor with diri. Everybody was grumpy, everybody showed it, and certainly a more dejected car and passengers never approached Market street.

At that point car No. So stopped to take on three passengers. They were a young man, young man's baby. There was no seat for the wife. The old gentleman, still using very strong language to his corn, rose and gave her his place. Mamma took it, baby sat on her lap and papa looked at baby and smiled.

'A-a-a-a-h!" shouted baby in a long, delicious crow. All the passengers looked up, all the passengers frowned at baby and slithe passengers resumed their occupation of looking as grainpy as possible. Papa leaned over, chucked baby under the chin and mamma smiled at baby in particular and every one in general. Then haby evolved a continuous gurgle of baby laughter and kicked out its legs in infantile joy. Still the conductor frowned, still the pretty girl frowned and still the rest of the passengers frowned. They were in car No. 80 to be miscrable, and were determined that wretchedness should not be spoiled by such a small thing as a happy baby. But baby didn't see it in that light. It kicked and crowed and laughed and gurgled till the pretty girl put away the letter, and the scarlet-faced woman of thirty-five stopped crushing dirt lumps, and the old gentleman left off cursing his corn, and the horses backed up, and the driver forgot to touch them up. The conductor came in, collected a fare, smiled and actually winked at baby.

The old gentleman asked if baby was a boy or girl, and learned it was a girl. Car No. 80 went along with a rush and a sway, and by the time if reached Fairmount avenue, where baby got off there was not a happier or livelier set of passengers on the whole People's Passenger Railway. muttered at intervals: "D— that corn."
The conductor stared angrity at the woman with

THE PARSON KNEW A TRICK.

A Tale of the Days When Moustaches Wer-Rare in Boston.

[From the Boston Transcript.] So imperative is fashion that now one must give reason for appearing with a smoothly-shaven face, whereas in the days when the Listener was quite young one had to give a reason for wearing noustache. Those were the days when mous taches were scarcely worn except by foreigners and by military officers, and even by them but rarely. For an American in civil life a moustache was a complete disguise. The Listener remem bers the case of a young gentleman of Boston who went into the ministry and took a church in some thriving town down towards Cape Cod. He had been, prior to his cail to theological pursuits, extremely fond of the drama, and the old Tremont Theatre was his favorite haunt. He could not entirely get over the old hankering for the theatre, and one time when he came to Boston he so far yielded to temptation as to put on a false mustache and go to tee Tremont Theatre, where he spent an evening in entire delight. As he was coming out, however, he met some old Boston friends, who recognized him in spite of his disguise, and saluted him by name, with looks of wonder in their faces. He had no notion of being identified, however. It is only the first sitep that costs, and the young parson had taken that.

"Pardon, zhentlemen," he said, with a profound bow; "vot you say? I no splk ingliss vary vell!" They apologized and passed on. They might have known, of course, that only a foreigner would wear beard on his upper lip! And the mustached clergyman was safe. thriving town down towards Cape Cod. He had

A Literary Curiosity.

[From the Providence Journal.]
A literary curiosity is on exhibition in one of the own-town barber shops in this city that deserves a respectful examination. It is not a first folio of Shakespeare nor an Eliot Indian Bible, but is rarer Smacespeare nor an Entor Indian Block, out is reret than either of these, though less elaborate. It is simply a sign, on which the owner refers to his premises, not as "this tonsorial studio" or "these hair-dressing pariors" or as an apartment or an establishment of any kind, but, of all things in the world, as "this shop." It has excited considerable admiration, and should be visited by exergators there "there where the considerable admiration, and should be visited by exergators there "there where the considerable admiration," in the construction of the cons ody before "barber shops" become utterly ex-

Friends of the Prople.

establishment from basement to the roof. Sale begins at 9 o'clock. Mon's beaver overcoats at \$4.95. worth \$14; men's Meiton overcoats at \$2.50, worth \$10; splendid suits of men's winter clothes at \$3.90. This suit is well made, all to match, and is really worth \$12. We offer an elegant pair of winter cloth pants for \$1.24, worth \$4.0; money refunded; boys suits, short pants, at \$1.00, worth \$4; children's pants at 15c. A. H. King \$4.0c., 627 and 629 Broadway, near Bleecker st. Open this evening until 9 o'clock.

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